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A
RETROSPECT

ON EVENTS WHICH MADE POSSIBLE

THE LATE BALTIMORE CONVENTION
AND A COMPLEMENT TO THE SAME.

BY

REV. E. A. M.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

A RETROSPECT

ON EVENTS WHICH MADE POSSIBLE

THE LATE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

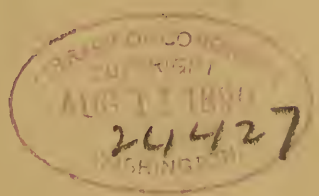
and a COMPLEMENT to the same.

BY

THE REV. E. A. M.

OF THE DIOCESE OF VINCENNES, INDIANA.

*Ernest
E. Audran*



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PREFACE.

The following notice appeared in the *SUNDAY COURIER JOURNAL* of January 26th, 1890 :—

OHIO FALLS CATHOLICS.

PROPOSED HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF VINCENNES.

WASHINGTON, January 25.—[Special.]—Your correspondent is informed from a good source, that the Bishop of Vincennes, wishing to collect materials for the history of the Catholic Church in his diocese, which includes Southern Indiana, has sent, for the purpose of gathering facts, a gentleman connected with the press, to the cities of Jeffersonville and New Albany. “I rejoice at it,” says my informant, who is a Catholic, “for it will give occasion and must bring out in fulness of light, which it has not received as yet outside the cities around the Falls of the Ohio, the great part acted by Mr. Watterson at the close of 1879, ten years ago. To him, indeed—and it is time that it should be said aloud—belongs the undying honor of having brought about the pacific revolution, which so benefited the Catholic body, and made possible the Baltimore Convention. The work was gloriously brought to an end, and who does not see that it has had its effect in Europe, in a changed condition of public sentiment there as well as here. I hope, indeed, for the benefit of a large number, who could not be reached by a church historical book, that the events of December, 1879, will receive proper development, and be issued in a pamphlet form.”

The present pamphlet is the one alluded to above.

RESUMÉ OF PAMPHLET.

When President Carroll stated in his opening speech, "If any one should ask," etc., etc., etc., he might have added: "Thanks also to the Honorable Henry Watterson, of Louisville, Ky."

This will appear from a simple statement of facts, which may be resumed as follows:

1st. Up to ten years ago Catholics in the United States had been living in a constant state of alarm from the fear of popular uprisings, repeatedly urged on by sectarian malice.

2d. A violent outburst of this nature at that time, ten years ago, caused very serious uneasiness in Boston.

3d. At the very same time a wild wave of infidelity, raised by R. Ingersoll, was sweeping all over the country.

4th. Brought to Louisville, Ky., by Ingersoll himself, this took an especially violent turn across the Ohio River, in Jeffersonville, Ind., where the editor of the local paper surpassed the master, if possible, in the radical exposure of his views on Christianity and Revelation.

5th. Having turned suddenly from the sects to the Catholic Church, on hearing of the Boston agitation, he was the same day resolutely called to task for it by a priest, with the result of his turning against the Church with a violence which, increasing day by day, also ended by alarming every one.

6th. This brought out the Honorable H. Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*—a man then as now of national reputation—in two special articles, which followed one another in the great paper.

a. One on "Infidelity," clear, trenchant, which at once downed the movement all over the country. It has never recovered from that blow.

b. One on "Froude's Alarm" (Protestantism is a Failure), which amounted, in presence of the general outburst of infidelity, to sounding the funeral knell of Protestant Christianity in the country—as well as from Froude's own mouth to an indirect recognition of true Christianity in the Catholic Church alone.

7th. These bold expressions of sentiment, which Mr. H. W. first dared speak aloud, after a consultation with the priest of Jeffersonville, were followed by a quiet call to the Catholic body,

through the managers of his party all over the country, to take a leading part in the next Presidential election, as citizens only indeed, but openly as such.

8th. That this done openly, and by means of his party therefore having assumed the proportions of a national expression of sentiment, far from meeting opposition, determined on all sides a manifestation for the Catholic body, and succeeded so completely, that although the election itself was lost to Mr. H. Watterson's party, Catholics were really enfranchised from that hour, and a new life with show of respect for them from all sides began, which found its peaceable manifestation at Baltimore.

Finally. That the change here influenced in a conspicuous manner every non-Catholic country in Europe and everywhere else.

The second part, "A Complement," etc., intimates the duty of American Catholics, as members of the Christian body, to demand openly, without any equivocation, but in a clear, decided tone befitting free men—the city of Rome and adjoining territory for the Sovereign Pontiff as an absolutely independent home, illustrating it by the duty of Americans as regards Washington and the adjoining District of Columbia, which the Fathers of our Republic wisely set apart as an independent home for the Federal authority in our Federal Republic.

“SERVIAM DOMINO, CUI SERVIRE REGNARE EST.”*

Who, of those that attended the Baltimore Convention, has forgotten the opening address of President Carroll: “If any one asks by what authority is this Congress held, and under what law does it assemble, we would suggest in reply, by the sanction of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and the distinguished Prelates who now surround us; and by virtue of the authority of the Constitution of the United States,” etc., etc.

These were proud words, pronounced for the first time by Catholics, and received with tremendous cheering. They expressed a change felt by all—a novel condition of freedom, in which all exulted, and for which all thanked God.

What had brought it about? What had made possible that, so glorious, assemblage.

Ten years ago events happened around the Falls of the Ohio from which came out a social and pacific revolution which has so changed the standing of the Catholic body in the United States as to make possible that Baltimore Convention.

Is this well known? Is the immediate cause well understood?

Is it well known that the same Mr. Daniel Dougherty, whose great speech followed that of Mr. Carroll, began this revolution in the smallest of the cities of the Falls—Jeffersonville—where the movement itself originated?

However it may be, it is due to the author of it, Mr. Henry Watterson, who conceived the plan and carried it out in peace, with patriotic wisdom and determination, that it should be well placed before the eyes of all Catholics, at least, for they are indebted to him and owe him gratitude.

What had not his efforts been for years before in favor of peace for all? These alone had been so persevering, so disinterested, so courageous, as to deserve from all his countrymen, without exception, that his name be preserved in their memories, and handed down with love and respect by all who recognize the hand of God in human affairs.

I make use of the word “revolution.” I say a social revolution.

Although a century had nearly elapsed, the social condition of Catholics remained extremely precarious. Sectarian malice, which had accumulated calumnies upon calumnies, and falsehoods upon

* “I will serve the Lord, whom to serve is to reign.”

falsehoods on the doctrines, history, and practices of the Church, had so prejudiced minds against them as to keep Catholics, timid at all times, in a state of perpetual fear from insults, homicidal mobs, and popular uprisings. They sometimes dared to protest against the expression ; nevertheless, they were only tolerated, told so, made to feel so, effectually, repeatedly, everywhere.

It seemed as if the proud name of an American freeman—so valued by all the rest—was practically for them a lie.

They grew rapidly. This rapid growth was presented as a subject of alarm. They were to be found mostly in cities, yet, there in minorities. They considered it prudent to efface themselves as much as possible ; dire experience had taught them the necessity. The burning of the Charlestown convent in Massachusetts ; the so-called Nativist riots in Philadelphia and New York ; the Know-nothing movement, and the terrors it created everywhere, ending by the awful work of Bloody Monday in the city of Louisville, Ky., were lessons not to be forgotten, not to be made little of.

Who would have thought it ? The Civil War created a diversion which gave relief. For the ever-turbulent spirits, who revel in fomenting troubles and divisions, and were always so conveniently at hand for sectarian designs, had turned their woful efforts in a new channel ; and they had succeeded in bringing on the whole land calamities which appalled all good citizens. It will be remembered that the Civil War burst out just after the Know-nothing treachery.

Reflection arose ; and a change of sentiment, friendly to Catholics, also arose, peeping through the accumulated dark clouds. Intelligent, honest Americans, North and South, began to look with distrust on preachers, caring little for their churches any more.

This new friendly feeling showed itself in several ways ; yet, amidst the din of battles, not with sufficient force to avail much, Catholics remained timid, even after the war had ceased and peace of some kind had returned to the land.

Catholic services were now, however, extolled by both sides.

Had not the incendiary fire of sectarianism also been smothered in the blood and ashes which had accumulated during the period of Civil War ? By no means. The word "Papist" saluted a Catholic on the streets as before. Priests, as before, had to go about their duties very quietly to avoid ready insults. Catholic politicians alone were, in a measure, exempt. They were needed ; and there was, for the interested, another reason—they generally held their religion very cheap. These grew in number also. Their

irregular habits formed a convenient theme to cast a slur on all who bore the Catholic name—which they simply disgraced.

Could there be any remedy for this? Before such deep-rooted enmity many despaired. There were noble minds and generous hearts, however, who, perhaps because they also had felt the pangs of humiliation and had experienced suffering, were indignant, and knew the injustice done to the Catholic body. These would have gladly welcomed a change, but how to have it, how to bring it about—they knew not. The time was to come at God's appointed hour.

Ten years ago the country was in a peculiar state of agitation from three different causes which happened concurrently.

First, one of those periodical outbursts (already alluded to) which, despite our Constitution, were a constant menace to Catholics, had broken out in Boston, Mass. There were no Catholic schools there. A priest, wishing to give to the children under his charge—along with the secular knowledge so important to all—that Christian training which, guarding them from infidelity and vice, is still more necessary to insure a correct life, had built a school. His zeal to enforce attendance had caused dissatisfaction among some of his parishioners. It was expressed with unusual noise.

This had been a convenient pretext, eagerly seized upon by the representatives of the Protestant sects, not only to interfere in the quarrel, but to break again into a regular outburst of hate, and begin a series of assaults, carried on so violently that once more the worst results became a subject of fear.

The priest was disavowed by his superior.

The news flew all over the country.

This was a first cause of agitation in the country, particularly its religious world. There was another cause of agitation, not alone in the religious world, but in the *social* body at large, in our Republic.

A wave of infidelity, such in its violence as the people of the United States had not yet known, was sweeping over the land, threatening to destroy its *social* fabric.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, Robert Ingersoll, breaking through all the bonds of an early education and all the common restraints of staid public sentiment, had loudly declared an open war against the Bible—all its teachings—and denied the very existence of God. The evil of his blasphemies for the multitude disappeared before a brilliancy of language which dazzled the many. Many followed him.

But, be it noted at once, the sects dared not encounter him.

Let it be mentioned besides, for our especial purpose, that he was in Louisville attracting large crowds; looking for applause there, as he had elsewhere, from the thoughtless; and, as elsewhere also, creating among the more sober a pained, startled feeling—not unmixed with an anxious dread of so bold, so wild a loosening of the restraints of social life. They felt that he was ruthlessly laying a keen axe to the very foundations of all morality. All were startled. The whole country was startled.

So far, strangely enough, none opposed him as yet in the public press. The attention of a number was, perhaps, too much occupied elsewhere. But, were there not some, even many, who only stood hesitating time-servers in a state of expectancy?

However that may be, there were a number in the press having their chief care in another direction. Many who had the *immediate* destinies of their country then in special view, had time only for one thought.

General Grant was returning from his great voyage around the world. The circumstances connected with his departure at the close of the second Presidential term, the quasi-regal receptions which he received abroad, the unprecedented *éclat* given to his return by way of San Francisco, gave rise among public men to other uneasy feelings, which, in the still disordered condition of society which prevailed since the Civil War, it was quite natural for them to have and entertain.

Could a soldier guard himself from ambitious designs when, on his return, greeted everywhere with such acclamations, and incensed with so much of intoxicating praise, from his landing on the shores of the Pacific to his arrival at Chicago?

It was whispered aloud, it was asserted, that all had been purposely gotten up, was kept up in this great style, was now breaking out into a deafening hurrah; that all had been arranged and organized by the powerful moneyed aristocracy, which the war had brought into being and nurtured—itsself already a looming power in the land.

Who can say? So far as religion might have been used to serve ambitious designs, certain it is, that his friend and chaplain—the very one who followed him around the world, who wrote of him on the way, and was also with him returning—at last forgot discretion in the flush of the pride and conscious power of the hour, having declared to the reporters who gathered around him: “That now that slavery in the country was done with, the turn of the Catholic Church should come.”

It will be seen from this hurried outlook, that really the whole country from north to south, east to west, was in a ferment of agitation, in dread expectancy of what might happen.

Now a special cause came at that very hour to aggravate matters around the Falls of the Ohio.

The war of Infidelity did not cease after Robert Ingersoll departed from Louisville. It had, in fact, only been started by him. After he left, it raged worse than ever. There, or rather across the river on the Indiana side, in the city of Jeffersonville, was a young and ambitious man, the editor of the *Evening News*, who took it on himself to continue it. He had openly had an understanding with the leader, and after futile efforts to enlist the services of the *Courier-Journal*, to whose staff he once belonged, he went on alone, surpassing, if possible, the master in the violence and radicalism of his onslaughts. He wielded a ready pen; was aroused by the apparent popularity of Mr. Ingersoll, and thinking, no doubt, the occasion opportune to rise on a great wave into prominence, he threw himself into battle-line with the Infidel horde, with so ruthless a contempt of all that men had been taught to respect, as to cause a stupor of astonishment never before experienced to the same degree in the community.

He kept on day after day, week after week.

As long as his attacks were against the Christianity in which Ingersoll had been trained, that is, *sectarian* Christianity; however they deplored the blasphemous language, Catholics paid little attention. The right of private interpretation of the Scriptures is the radical principle of Protestantism. The principle, so long boastingly used against Catholicity, was now used against it in their own way. That this would happen had long been foreseen; as also, that when it came it would make of the sects and their ministers an easy prey. So it did. The helplessness was patent.

This violent course, as we said, continued for days. Nobody attempted, or rather, dared to oppose, except a Methodist minister, who tried a feeble effort, but soon begged off, and thereby made more visible to the populace, if that could be, the agony of the sects, meekly bending everywhere under blows which were simply death-dealing blows.

All at once, on hearing the news from Boston, the *News* turned viciously against the Catholic Church, denouncing Catholic schools as the great danger among all that threatened the country. Had the editor gone too far and become afraid?

In reality, this was the usual, the common, the almost everyday method of agitators for calling aside public attention, when the community appeared to be getting tired of a subject, into an ever convenient channel, and turning it against the ever-helpless Catholic Church—one generally sure to enlist before long, if persevered in, the worst elements of the country—the mob.

This sudden turn against the Church in most cases and places would have been carefully let pass unnoticed, would have aroused Catholics and their Priests only into greater caution.

It was not in this instance. One of the Priests of Jeffersonville was a man of mature age, who had experience. In the course of an already long life, he had never yielded to that slavish fear of sectarianism, knowing that every new exhibition of fear served to increase its audacity. The news from Boston were a sure portent that chains would be riveted and held tight as ever, and under the deep impression which they occasioned determined his course.

This attack of the *News* brought the war to his own door. It seemed to him as if God had prepared an hour to strike ; if it were His will to turn this very excitement into a means to wake up and manifest more clearly to the American people, that if there was a certain Christianity which, when it came to the point of war, was not afraid to encounter infidelity—the true, undying Christianity which feared not—lived, and stood in their midst.

He was at the very gates of a large city—Louisville.

Did not all that was passing around—had been for a long time previous—unveil sufficiently to men of sense and honesty, and proclaim loud enough also to them the conceit of that pedantic inanity which had pretended to interpret the Bible and teach its true meaning to the Mother of Christendom? *Reform* the *Divine* Religion she had, by the command and under the authority of the Saviour, given to the world? Were not its empirical remedies and boasted panacea to *reform* the *work* of the Redeemer of the race, and enlighten the pretended darkness in which all had only groped their way until its advent—now turned against it with a vengeance to insult it, beat pitilessly its hydra-head, and treat it with cuffs and kicks.*

And now presently, when this school question, at that same time, had been brought up as a distinct weapon, was not the woeful spectacle, of itself, and as witnessed by all, a most solemn warning of the wisdom of the Christianity which dies not, in demanding of *her own* that they should have a Christian teaching?

* The savage brutality of the infidel attacks cannot be expressed otherwise.

Was there not palpable evidence, to those who could and would see—the intelligent and the honest—of its need to guard youth from vice and infidelity?

Finally, was not the hour of judgment at hand for the long-time rebels of Christianity?

So within half an hour after reading the noxious article, the Priest had determined to act—and he did act—by striking with an ungloved hand.

A few words about the Priest. Whilst living in Vincennes, in the very heat of Know-nothing times, he had, by a bold appeal to the manhood of a talented young Presbyterian whose paper had been bought for him by the organizer of the first Know-nothing lodge in the city (the Presbyterian minister), turned a most critical state of things in that city, the very seat of the diocese, into one of entire safety.

There was a great Catholic journalist, but lately dead—to whom, when time has cooled hurts and wounds rightly inflicted, a statue may be raised on the square of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York city—who was perhaps the greatest (not excepting the great Brownson) of our laymen and converts, who spent his whole life in the service of the Church.

James A. McMaster was once greatly discouraged, and was turning into the field of politics most remarkable talents, which it had been the dream of his life since a Catholic to devote absolutely to the service of the Church.

He had met with one of those harsh, unwise rebuffs, which, considering their source, are especially galling to a spirited Christian who has meant to do right with his whole heart. He had, to his honor, printed the rebuff in his own paper, with characteristic simplicity of faith and exemplary humility in one naturally so proud.

The same Priest had, when in Vincennes, met with him, and there, by the tomb of Bishop Bruté (where he piously heard Mass), revived his drooping faith, revived his courage and love—had sent him back to the work Providence had assigned him surely.

It showed afterward, not only in efforts that never more wavered, but, at the time of the Vatican Council, when, reminding him of the weeding which often occurred in those great assemblies of the Church, the same friend pointed out to his watchful attention certain letters written from Marseilles, by those in the company of American prelates; and called on him who had the better opportunity through greater circulation of his journal and wider influence, to affirm at once publicly and unequivocally, the faith of the

Catholic body in the United States with their brethren the world over, in the unerring teachings of the Successor of Peter.

He had, meanwhile, himself written also to Louis Veuillot, to affirm through him in the celebrated *Paris Univers* for the world at large, the same unshaken belief.

One word more :

He had met Henry Watterson only once, and several years before, but was immediately struck with the unselfishness of the man who rejected all political preferments, to devote himself to the work of peace, which he had declared he chose and assumed as a task of his own, after the South had yielded and surrendered. His earnest, burning words, when turning, now to the North, now to the South, he strove against most discouraging odds during ten years, to bring an end to trouble and discord—had strangely impressed on the Priest the idea that he was no common political chief, but a man of singularly elevated character.

Finding one day (to his astonishment) in the *Courier-Journal* one of those malicious articles, which it would not have surprised him to read in any other paper, the Priest did not hesitate to call on Mr. Watterson. Nor was he deceived in the answer which he received : “ I see that, unfortunately, this is even well written. My dear sir, all my sympathies are with the Catholic Church. Had I been here it would not have appeared. I was absent.” The tone, the manner, the direct frankness of these words, so completely in accord with the character of his public utterances, were remembered—and *he reflected upon them.*

The Priest then was almost a stranger ; but that one meeting ever after encouraged him with a certain hope—when time came for him also to speak out without fear or concern, only conscious of the rectitude of the act.

As simply a Christian, he would have considered it unmanly not to notice the article of the *Jeffersonville News* (“Civis Romanus Sum”),* and as a Priest (“Servus Jesu Christi”)† an act of cowardice to the Church not to rebuke it as it needed—rudely, promptly, sharply.

He did ; and what might have been expected, happened. A regular storm, growing every day in violence, was the consequence. The Priest gave it no attention. For that reason, no doubt, it grew more fierce, and assumed once more such proportions as finally to make honest citizens uneasy.

* “ I am a Roman Citizen.” }
 † “ A Servant of Jesus Christ.” } Words of St. Paul, in Acts.

The remembrance of the murdered bodies of Catholics across the river, and of their homes burnt to ashes, was still fresh in the minds of all, and had kept every one in the three cities of the Falls timid ever since. Who knew if there remained not sufficient venom here at home to renew the scenes of the still recent past? A warning to the paper by the most respected non-Catholic gentlemen was entirely unheeded—tauntingly despised.

As expected, a general alarm to be met, had resulted.

There were men, not usually timid, who became anxious. O. O. Stealy, of the *Courier-Journal*, made a visit to the Priest. He was an acquaintance and neighbor in the city of Jeffersonville.

This was a sign of encouragement and of support at hand that soon came.

For a very short while after there appeared from the Hon. Henry Watterson, editor-in-chief of the *Courier-Journal*, two telling articles. These followed one another closely, within two days, in the leading columns of the renowned paper.

Let it be remembered that ever since the close of the Civil War, the eyes of the whole country were kept riveted on everything which that man wrote. All had accustomed themselves to read his words with attention—many with gratitude and respect.

In the presence of the excited feelings and the deep agitation the words which he penned down had a startling significance and a tremendous import.

Nor was this significance and import misunderstood by any among the intelligent of our whole country—not around the Falls only, but anywhere the great *Courier-Journal* reached—and it reached all the public men, at least in the United States.

The first article was entitled “Infidelity.”

The second was entitled “Froude’s Alarm.”

The very titles immediately stirred closest attention.

In the first, going to the very root of the question evoked, he made infidelity—materialism—unveil itself with its own hand, reveal its ugliness, reveal its brutality; and, without any show of ceremony, gave it the foot it deserves of an honest citizen, a man of elevated views, a statesman also.

In the second, entitled: “Froude’s Alarm,” in which that gentleman declared “Protestantism a failure,” he disposed of all further hypocritical pretexts for sectarian malice against Catholics, by showing up to the blind that the particular Christianity, just now so contemptuously used up by Ingersoll, was a decaying corpse; and that open Infidelity, which, from the first, had vainly

set many hopes upon it, was now boldly claiming to assume alone the place of this pretended reformed Christianity, and continue in full view its own diabolical, relentless war, wherein it gave notice that bullets, not ballots, would soon have to be used for a more effective attempt on the life of Catholicity—that is, on the real, the *only* real Christianity, which, ever attacked, ever struggling against enemies, both open and concealed, at times seemingly conquered, yet never dies.

Thus had, so far, what could only have been considered remote expectations—in this non-Catholic, but patriotic, honest and brave American—been promptly confirmed.

WHAT FOLLOWED ?

It would be impossible to describe the effect produced on the community at large.

Adding consummate wisdom to daring courage, he had used the words—only the words of Froude, the corypheus of rebel Christianity—the words of the avowed infidel, who sailed from England to this side of the Atlantic for the special design of propping it up, once more, in opposition to Catholicity.

It had only been a few years before, when that man of no conscience was forced to flee the country in shame and complete disgrace, when last expected in the city of Louisville. He had found facing him, in his nefarious work of slander, the courageous Dominican priest, Father Tom Burke (also from across the sea), who, on landing in New York, had determined, through an inspiration of God, to follow him, step by step, and expose his frauds.

Few cared about Infidelity ; the majority dreaded it. The noise it made died away at once.

As to the “ Failure of Protestantism,” whatever the aberrations of the sects—and they had been great, a painful sight of late—yet, unused to any other kind of Christianity, unprepared generally—despite all past experience, for so painful an exposure ; the masses were startled—were benumbed, as it were, by the glare of light suddenly thrust upon them so boldly. A consciousness fell on every one that a great blow had been struck, one that was about to be felt far and wide.

AMAZEMENT WAS UPON ALL,

and a universal, strange silence, as usual in such cases, was the first effect. What was its real meaning ? What did it portend ? Who could tell so soon ?

But amid the strange silence into which every noise was suddenly, strangely hushed, for any one who would carefully listen, over the land, the whole land, one sound—a death sound—could be distinctly heard.

It was the death-knell of Protestantism—of rebel Christianity.

If many, in the unexpected surprise, however little respect they felt for it, had a wish to doubt yet, all stood aghast—a dazed multitude. Under the crushing evidence of staring truth none could utter one word of protest.

None did among the abashed sects; none among their humbled ministers. Many of these, indeed, were anxiously in search of a Catholic Priest's—Lambert's—"Notes on Ingersoll."

In the land of liberty, the land it had claimed to be exclusively its own, so-called "Reformed" (in mockery to its Divine Author) Christianity lay speechless—now lay gasping for life—stricken with its own weapons by the hand of one of its own well-nurtured sons.

The only part the renowned leader, unflinching Watterson, had wisely restricted himself to (and all knew, saw, and felt it), was to point with steady finger to a putrifying body, that very one (the whole country was a witness) that was being hastened and pushed contemptuously by Robert Ingersoll into the grave it should have long ago been buried. Infidelity had a right to assume the privilege, for it had confessed without blushing that it had been an ally of "rebel" Christianity; and it was to itself, and through its foul means, it all the time owed the prolongation of its unnatural, galvanic life.

This, in the City of Louisville! This, by the permission of God, in the City of Bloody Monday! This, by the Providence of God, in the *Journal*, the paper of penitent Prentice!*

Infidelity and sectarianism were hushed. That was not all that was needed, presently, however, and for this patriotic man more work was in hand.

Other dangers were to be looked into. They were pressing just now. To him and other men in public affairs, they were more imminent of gravest evils than any. So he had again repeated in the very last of his writings. Perhaps religious strife, a new effort for the sects, and from a political source, might be called into service as a convenient help to conspiracy against the liberties of all.

* It is well known that Mr. Prentice regretted deeply the part he took in provoking the riots of Bloody Monday in Louisville.

Republics are always liable to dissensions. When these become serious enough to occasion civil war, their independence is imperiled; and the peril grows in proportion to the disturbed, unsettled, agitated state in which they are found to be when a protracted bloody struggle is over, and one party has crushed the other.

That General Grant intended to find a pretext to assume for life the presidency of the country, his many admirers will certainly deny. But did not others—the moneyed men—desire him to do it? Would they not even try to push him into it?

There are so many more examples in the history of past republics (the greatest of them), that patriotic public men would have been indeed infatuated had they not feared—and looked out. Right or wrong, many feared it. Rash as the attempt might be, it could be attempted, and the vigilant knew it. They knew that pretexts might be brought in justification of the act, and how specious these might be made to appear.

Much writing had been tried; more of it would be of no use at this late hour, when Chicago was in an uproar of enthusiasm to welcome the illustrious visitor. What was to be done? A light flashed upon Henry Watterson—an inspiration born of the spirit of liberty—of true liberty, that blessing of God bestowed on this country, in this new world, with a largeness given to none other in either hemisphere. Fertile resources do come naturally in the hour of need to those who, having received gifts of God, intend to use them as He meant them. Where was the difficulty? He had found a solution to it. He had now, as before, ready at hand, at the right moment, an efficient weapon again to fight adversaries and overcome difficulties—the very thought of which would have made most men shrink in despair from trying.

He, a son of the South; once a soldier in the rebel army, recognizing defeat, but also, and in noblest language after defeat, that a true service had been rendered to his country in saving it from the ruin of division, even by arms, would himself invite the General to Louisville, eminently a representative city of the South—there, in that very city, to receive from honest sons of the same recovered South honors that were intended, at least, to equal any he had received elsewhere at the North.

He did so personally; and in doing this, be it remembered to the praise of both, he was inviting the man whom, as President, he had so sturdily opposed in many of the measures of his administration.

It does not belong to the scope of this writing to enter into the details of that visit. Suffice it to say, as a passing remark, that never has this, or any other country, exhibited so grand a spectacle, as that of this meeting of Henry Watterson and General Grant—the civilian, aye, a Southerner, offering thanks, refusing no reward of honor to the successful soldier who saved the integrity of the Republic; yet, in terms of proud respect, clearly intimating all the while that, grateful as were, and should be, true Americans—North and South—united again as a great people, it never could be expected, and he must not demand of them, that they would surrender to him any one of the liberties they had received from God and their fathers.

Yet what an inspiring subject! It seems as if a painter alone could do it justice. And let every true lover of the great men of our country hope that some day a great artist, worthy of the theme, will write on imperishable canvas this bright, this brilliant page, among others of American history.

Had General Grant ever been tempted to seize and retain power in his hands, the solemnity, the meaning, and tremendous effect of that visit—soon to receive additional force at Cincinnati—must have forever banished the thought from his mind, and also discouraged the attempts of false friends. He is dead now—his name is not sullied with anything of the kind.

It was all over: the battle-field was cleared.

Calm followed these three great battles—fought in a few days' time—by one man single-handed, and each of them won—each of them a good deed.

The heavy strain on the public mind also was over. It had ceased; time was allowed.

His thoughts went further. Step had followed step—there remained another.

The whole wonderful work he contemplated was not considered as achieved; it had to be *completed*. The religious alarms, which had ceased for the present only, must be put to an end forever—and the American Constitution respected in its true spirit, for Catholics, as for all.

Grave as were the steps heretofore taken, there was here a graver one in view. There might be true danger, and great peril to a large body of fellow Americans. Therefore, advice was proper, the consent of those who were to be put in peril. O. O. Stealy, the same neighbor of the Jeffersonville Priest, was sent to him to consult. The Priest was about to close a letter to his old friend, James

A. McMaster, which gave full details of all that had happened, leaving it to his prudence to publish or not.

Mr. Stealy exposed the occasion of his visit, viz., the proposed grave step, in regard to which it was desired the Priest should be consulted.

Fraught with the directness and simplicity that all things took under Mr. Watterson's hands it could hardly fail to be effective. It had only to be pursued openly, firmly and with due prudence.

This was, to call the Catholics, as a body, actually "to take the lead" in the next Presidential election.

A proposition of that kind, made at this juncture, was no vain word in the mouth of the man who has been called "the President-maker."

That the Priest was startled—unable to answer—need not be told. He knew, as his interlocutor likewise did, and acknowledged, the danger—and what responsibility might be assumed in giving an answer. After hearing in its detail the plan it was proposed to carry out, its righteousness and its wisdom became apparent, and he told him in the name of God to proceed—let what might happen come.

Considering the terms of the American Constitution, which, ignoring religious questions (as it should) grants to all citizens equal rights, and places all on a common footing in secular matters, it would at first sight appear a very simple affair, which could not, for any possible reasons, if no offense to others were intended and given, offer serious difficulties—but Catholics were concerned, and it was not so. How would it be received by the whole community? Everything that had so lately transpired called for caution, the necessity of prudence and circumspection. Many never would have dared to assume this risk.

However, there is a concealed, a mysterious, a divine power in every courageous affirmation of truth and just rights, at certain times, and with it a determination to act to its requirements. By the will of God, it is so.

This was soon to appear and make itself manifest in an astounding manner.

An absolute silence, as we said above, had followed the first acts accomplished.

What came out of the decisive step now attempted? And how was it received by the whole country?

It gathered open friends from all sides—an hitherto concealed force which was an entire surprise!

Daniel Dougherty, a truly representative Catholic, whom all non-Catholics as well could honor, was asked to nominate the Presidential candidate, and later brought to Jeffersonville to inaugurate the movement at the opening of the Indiana electoral battle, on the result of which depended the Presidential campaign itself.

Outside of the nominating convention, he was taking the first step—one pretty sure to show, by the way it would be received, the turn which public opinion would take.

There was no thought of insult. Ah! there was more—as all who were there know. Unwonted courtesy, that very day, was shown to him *by political adversaries*. Elsewhere, wherever it could be done all over the country, other Catholics were given the same prominence and with the same results.

Soon, marks of the same respect multiplied from all sides, and turned into an emphatic manifestation that, in this demand for equal rights, there would be none to oppose, and no distinction whatever made by parties. Rather, as if our whole country had been wrought up to deep and unusual reflection by the lessons of the recent and moving events, there seemed to be an eagerness from all to vie in marks of kindness and good will.

WHAT A LESSON TO THE COURAGEOUS!

Even the wild, foolish outcry against the poor, newly-enfranchised negroes (to keep them away) which, in the minds of many, lost the election (providentially, perhaps), made no difference. All understood that the Church had nothing to do with this. In fact, it was started by some nervous member of the press, who, in doing so, showed that he, personally, knew not the true spirit of true Catholics. However, this unwise cry displeased men of sound sense; it had not the power to arrest the friendly will and disposition which had surged on all sides. Adversaries in the political field profited by it—that was all.

The success of this last and decisive step was complete every way.

IT SETTLED THE STATUS OF THE CATHOLIC BODY IN THE REPUBLIC.

Look at the immediate astonishing results: had there been much done after all, besides a proper show of courage in standing up to the simple requirements of truth, honor and justice—the rights of God? Yet an amazing revolution—of which none dreamt a few months before, the effects of which are lasting—was wrought.

Not one drop of blood was shed to bring it about. It was as pacific as complete.

Ah! had the same spirit and courage prevailed at Baltimore, grander results still would now, at least, be in the way of preparation—and how many eyes turned to it in anticipated hope!

EFFECT IN EUROPE AND ELSEWHERE.

Far-reaching may be the fruits of an evil deed—as the human race has too often experienced at great cost; but wonderful and far-reaching also can be the fruits of a good action, done at its proper time!

The fruits of this change of sentiment in the United States reached Europe—reached into non-Christian lands. That they would exercise everywhere a favorable influence, had been foreseen from the moment the last decisive step had been determined upon—as could be demonstrated from letters written to a venerable prelate in Europe—should God, as was hoped, bless the attempt.

To insist, by bringing proofs, would be useless. All observant of the course of public opinion have noticed this. And it is the more striking when we consider how utterly stripped of all human support the Church and her Venerable Head have remained all the while.

Ten years have now passed. Even the most timid, when the Baltimore Convention was proposed, knew that none would resist the assemblage, none would object. And when it came out—and when the same Daniel Dougherty appeared again there—as it were in witness of triumph—it soon became evident to every one that the whole of our country watched its assembling, watched its proceedings with deepest concern and with good will. It was truly an hour to thank God—and rejoice; and the land rejoiced.

The intelligent, the God-fearing, the Christian-at-heart, where-soever he had belonged previously, for the first time since the country common to all had sprung up into existence a free nation, saw radiant in our midst a grand body, solid in all its parts, spread around everywhere, which realized in full our conception of a Christian body.

The friends who held out their hands to their Catholic fellow-citizens in 1879, felt rewarded of God in the glorious sight—a revelation to those of good will. Whoever revered God, and had a home to love, blessed the day. Men of thought, who loved their country, profoundly moved, felt a renewal of confidence in the still

grander future that awaits it. For a Christian body is eminently (all know it, as it were, by instinct) bound in all that is good—an assured bulwark against the lawless, against the Godless. It bears the standard of all that is right, all that is fair, all that is just—the standard of the Prince of Peace.

This was also the crowning evidence that “Protestantism is a Failure,”—that ominous sound came from the despairing confession wrenched by the baffled rage of an ardent friend—the Infidel Froude! All had known it, seen it, felt it—none more so than the thousands of honest and conscientious souls who tried so perseveringly to serve God under its proffered assistance, in its many varied sects—only to find continued perplexities and disappointments.

Yet, so far, all had hated to confess it—thus far, none had dared to do so, plainly, publicly—under circumstances which permitted the full rays of sunlight.

It was whilst Infidelity paraded its brutal negations that Henry Watterson had held up this confession to the view of all.

What had been the object of the subsequent campaign but an avowed effort and indirect means to hear the answer of the whole country to the startling exposure?

It had come without delay from one ocean to the other. Nor had the answer been that of the mob this time. It had come peaceably from the honesty and intelligence of an awakened country.

These, in the very midst of a political conflict, had dropped party questions to hold out a friendly hand to the hitherto despised but faithful children of the old Church, who gave to the world the blessings of Christianity these eighteen hundred years past.

How things have changed! To-day no body of citizens receives more respect from all sides.

IT AMOUNTED, IN REALITY,

on the part of the most honorable and the most honored in our land, to a recognition of the Catholic Church as the living Christianity given by a Redeemer to save all—as against the many, more and more confusing, more and more distracting, mischief-breeding counterfeits of the same.

The words “Protestantism is a Failure” have been commented on many times since—commented on by non-Catholics. There has been no protest of dissent—no heart to try the useless effort.

Nay, more: many eyes have opened; and with this, signs of respect for that same Mother of Christendom, so long disowned

—unwonted signs—desires for union, coming from the anguish of true-hearted Christians; vague as yet, indeed, as natural at so early a date and among so many embarrassing toils—but fast increasing.

Leaving considerations aside, it is now our purpose to come to another subject. Freedom is a gift of God, consequent upon the gift of intelligence. Every human being is entitled by nature to the full possession of it, unrestricted, except by the limits of right and justice.

No nation admits the individual possession of this gift to a fuller extent than the American Republic; and the result of it has, contrary to many evil predictions, been a state of prosperity and marvellous growth, which, in the short space of a century, has raised us to a rank of first-class among the nations of the world.

Evil predictions, which found a quietus in the remarkable success which put an end in so short a time to civil discord, have changed on all sides to unbounded admiration, a general respect and influence, which, it may be safely said, no other country at the present time enjoys to so great a degree.

Hence the influence which the change of attitude of the honest and intelligent toward the Catholic Church in the United States exercised in Europe and everywhere in the whole world.

This, in the United States, was, as we have seen it, the result of courage to express a sentiment which had existed unknown, as it were, for a long time—and which needed only a proper occasion to exhibit itself as a power.

OUR RETROSPECT IS OVER.

Our purpose is also to point out a complement to the convention, which it would seem the retrospect itself suggests, which (why should we not say it?) had been expected and looked to both here and in many other countries.

The courage of the citizen to face, under all circumstances, and at whatever personal risk, enemies which may come, and who have to be encountered when they do come—enemies of his country, whoever they may be, foreign or domestic—civil courage, I say—I speak of it—is a noble virtue which insures to that country continuity of life and respect of the world. So is, likewise, the courage of citizens among themselves, to claim for all equally their rights; since, at home, it insures to all the preservation of their mutual liberties.

Hence in civil life, courage is, of all virtues, that which brings out, in all its honor, *true manhood*. On it is laid down the basis of all temporal prosperity and grandeur. But, as is well known and often experienced, in all countries and states alike, there are men of little thought—pusillanimous men, who, so long as troubles do not personally touch them, are exceedingly ingenious to find reasons to compromise with the iniquitous, to ask for delays, plead prudence, etc., etc. Scripture itself declares that “the number of fools is infinite.”

These are strange allies. The evil-minded count on them.

Would a truly proud American, of clear head and heart of honest intent—too great, therefore, not to understand and feel the absolute necessity in the federal government of his country, of its complete independence from any one of the States which form its whole—in whatsoever manner and under whatsoever name hospitality (!) might be tendered; in other words, of the necessity for it of an absolute control of that small piece of ground called the District of Columbia, provided for it by the wisdom of the fathers for a home in which none else has a right to rule—would he, I say, permit himself to be led astray—consent to a compromise on so vital a point?

Would he listen to any nonsense in justification or attenuation of the outrage of an invasion, a violation, a spoliation of that home? Suppose, then, the case is ours here.

The Governor of Maryland would surely try to excuse himself for bringing in his armed soldiers, forcing an entrance, occupying one of the grand buildings as a palace for himself, others as bar-

racks for his troops, others as halls for his legislature, assuming supreme power and organizing everything to suit his convenience—on the plea that the district was once an integral part of Maryland; that malcontents were not satisfied, were displeased with their present State capital, that a change elsewhere would only stir up jealousies, but that all would drop private claims and opposition, if so grand a city as Washington—with its stately buildings and glorious name—were made their own (State's) capital, chosen as the seat of their government; it being right enough, since, after all, it stood on their own ground—was part of the State.

All this, of course, would be done with great assurances that the President of the United States, his Cabinet, Congress, need not leave the city.

A law of guarantees would even be passed to ensure non-interference in their *proper* business. The protection of the now ruling authority would be assured to them. Even money would be *offered* as payment for damages, some being set aside every year—a bare-faced insult offered unconsciously, in eager desire to put on one more mask on the deed!

How many more details? They are useless; every one knows what a series of infamies, propped up by shameless reasons, would accompany a treachery of so bold a nature. One infamy begets another, until time allowed, *twenty years* permitted (though no human government could stand it that long) as in Rome lately, a statue might be erected in that Federal Capital of our States, on one of its grand squares, with flourish of trumpet and a gathered crew of traitors from all countries—in bold derision now, and defiance of God and man, to—BENEDICT ARNOLD!

Where would our grand Republic of the United States be, if there were not, despite the usual number of the petty-minded and pusillanimous, men of honor, men of sense and men of heart, to rally around themselves all who loved their country—men who showed a determination, at whatever personal risk, never to permit the triumph of that iniquity? Would these fail to cry out to the deaf, as loud as they could, that the Federal Government was no more free—was enchained—at the mercy of one State who had the power to impose its will—had done so already in a thousand ways. Who would doubt it to be so?

Would an American—worthy of the name—think he had done enough to meet the case by passing resolutions similar to those passed at the Baltimore Convention in protest of Papal Independence?

The true enemies of one's country, and the enemies of God, are the same. They are the false, the perverse, ever-ready despoilers of those they at times chance to find weaker than themselves. They are essentially those enemies of truth who dread, above all else, full light on evil deeds.

That which is needed to confront the false and perverse is a manly stand to show the truth, to affirm right and justice, the unveiling of brutal villainy wherever it exists—the unveiling of it to the gaze of the world—its intelligence and its honesty.

These are a supreme power, and soon become *justice*. For no evil deed was deliberately committed than with it also came, as if always to keep it company, the Satanic fear of EXPOSURE!

Let a manly word be spoken. It wakes up and gathers men in response at once, and from all parts. It confounds enemies into quick silence and they begin to have a care and tremble.

However, even in free America, as elsewhere, the first word spoken in defence of truth, of right and justice, is spoken always at some personal risk.

The wicked alone have not to be fought—the empty of brains and the cowards annoy. But, oh! how soon, these all brushed away, when the one first step is taken, strength comes of a sudden to take another, and another, and another.

Virtue has divine power. The more it meets obstacles, the more it develops into a very tower of strength. It becomes "Turrus Davidica; domus aurea."* The world long ago recognized it, even before the advent of Christianity. "Virtus omnia vincit."†

The visible results of courageous acts, done in defence of justice, are the sudden appearance of a mysterious, an hitherto concealed, unresisted, unresistible force of the kind by which *pacific revolutions* are accomplished, and the face of things, as it were, quietly, miraculously changed.

And now! are not the interests represented by Christianity of a far superior nature to those represented by the civil state?

WHAT ARE THE STATES

represented by the Federal Government, which unites us all in the common Republic—and what the value and importance of absolute independence to that Federal Government of States

* "Tower of David: House of Gold."

† "Courage overcomes all obstacles."

United—as paralleled and compared to the nations and peoples which are called by the one name, Christendom? and to the general government, in whose keeping is the custody of its Constitution and laws? A constitution, laws called Catholic, because, *as our own*, it is known of all, the same for all, cherished by all—whatever be the name of the State any one happens to live in—its own local legislature and particular organization.

We count a population of sixty millions. What is that as compared with the millions of Christendom? And among these you had better, indeed, include even the rebel Christian peoples; since the pitiful vagaries, into which, sooner or later, through never-ending wrangling, sects are sure to fall, are a broad sign to the thoughtful, the intelligent and the honest, that every trace of divine teaching would by little and little disappear from their midst—and everywhere, were it not for the Christian central government—purposely built upon a rock by a Divine Hand to hold up in perpetual view to all, that constitution and those laws—constitution and laws, no more abandoned to the whims of the fickle and perverse *than our own*; placed as our own are also, safe from all interference, in the custody of a Supreme Court.

The question of the independence of the States of the Church is one which concerns every man of honor, every true-hearted and intelligent citizen in Christendom, who is not strangely blind to the value of his rights, his duties and privileges as such. For, above all things that concern him, and in which the gift of intelligence has to be wisely used, is the consideration of these very rights, duties and privileges.

Are not these of highest interest to men who know they must, before long, answer to God for life—the gift of gifts among all, and *the use of it?* who know the *promises* attached to the *right use* of life, and the *punishment* which must be the consequences of its abuse?

Stand there to creatures, powerless to assume or even preserve their own being, and to whom, with intelligence, freedom of choice between right and wrong is bestowed also—stand there before them higher claims?

Claims on which hang for them their future as beings, and that forever?

Can there be a greater cause demanding of *men* manly bearing and manly consideration? And let the *man* who may never as yet have learned to look at this—the duty of duties to himself—learn to blush an honest blush, and may he in a manly way also turn to God for needed light and help.

Among the Apostles sent by Him, who, being God, would yet become man to affirm the Truth (which alone can redeem and save the fallen) and who affirmed it even to the death—and the death on the Cross, making it the very triumph of Truth—was St. Paul. Converted by a special miracle of the Saviour, made a vessel of election, he was chosen with the special purpose of bringing the Divine light to the Gentiles, that is, at large—to the whole human family, outside of the Jews. Let all then learn of him the quality of Christian courage, the noble independence which, whenever right and justice are concerned, is simply, duty to God. One should never fear to assert and demand privileges to which he is entitled—the grounds also on which this ever can be done with unequaled dignity and force, “Civis Romanus sum—Cæsarem appello.”

(“I am a Roman citizen. I appeal to Cæsar.”)

“Paulus, Servus Jesu Christi.”

(“I, Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ.”)

At this hour of time, at this hour of God’s patience and long pitying love for man whom He gave his Son to embrace and save, does it not strike even non-professing Christians, intelligent, however, to see and discern around them, all over the world, the many signs of fatigue and ever-increasing anxiety, that the honor of bringing about for the relief of all, a change of the Most High, a pacific one also, must belong to the first who, being free to speak, have courage to stand out without fear to take the first step.

America! land of the free, art thou, or not, the home of Christians, brave and determined to claim their rights in Christendom? Art thou, or not, the home of Christians who have courage, and dare tell the King of Italy, under the protection of the wide Atlantic, before the world—with something at least of the spirit and strength of honest liberty—that he has acted the villain in invading the home, in despoiling the federal authority of Christendom of its home? That “the States of the Church,” as the District of Columbia of Christendom, is a home which no one State can be permitted to violate, and in which as part of Christendom we have equal claims with others. For there, territory, buildings, institutions, are common property of Christian peoples, which cannot be permitted to remain in his hands, but for the common good must, and—let him understand it—shall be restored; exactly as the Governor of Maryland, had he invaded the City of Washington and its territory for similar reasons, would be told by every intelligent, honest, patriotic American.

Is there a country more free to speak than ours? and is there a voice in the whole wide world assured of greater respect, greater power? You would wonder now already at the number of manly friends over the whole earth you would have had the honor to rally around you, the mighty power among the intelligent and the honest you would have conjured; the respect and honor you would have gained before God and men!

The power of the devil lies in his boldness; faced by truth, he cowers at once.

O St. Michael, the Archangel! bearer of the Light of God which is Truth—a very sword of living flame which drove in terror from on High where he had no right to abide; the guilty Spirit who, of his own choice, did turn away from God, becoming lie; the carcass of creation whose deadly fumes have, from the time of the fall poisoned the earth—do thou, Spirit of God, stand by this Christian youth of America, who has not as yet attained a full virility—stand by him, breathing in him Christian courage, infusing in him manly Christian strength to carry proudly aloft the Standard of Jesus Christ, our God and *thy God*, telling him, “Euge, euge! Quid times? Dominus tecum.”*

O St. Joseph! Guardian and provider for that human family of God which began with Jesus, Mary and thee in the humble home of Nazareth, and has now so enlarged as to spread over the face of the earth—be thou also to him a protector, a teacher. Let him learn of thee that work, humble or not, as assigned to each—not empty words which delude conscience—is what under the conditions of human existence, God demands, and will recognize a claim to His assistance; and that though Jesus Christ abideth with the Church, insuring to her imperishable life, that mother has a right in the natural order to rely on the manhood of all her sons and demand of them needed assistance in all human affairs.

*“On, on! What fearest thou? The Lord is with thee.”

E. AUDRAN.

March 19, 1890.

NOTE.—The author desires to state, to the credit of the *Evening News*, that it soon retrieved its steps. The paper is still published, but it is now esteemed and valued by all.









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